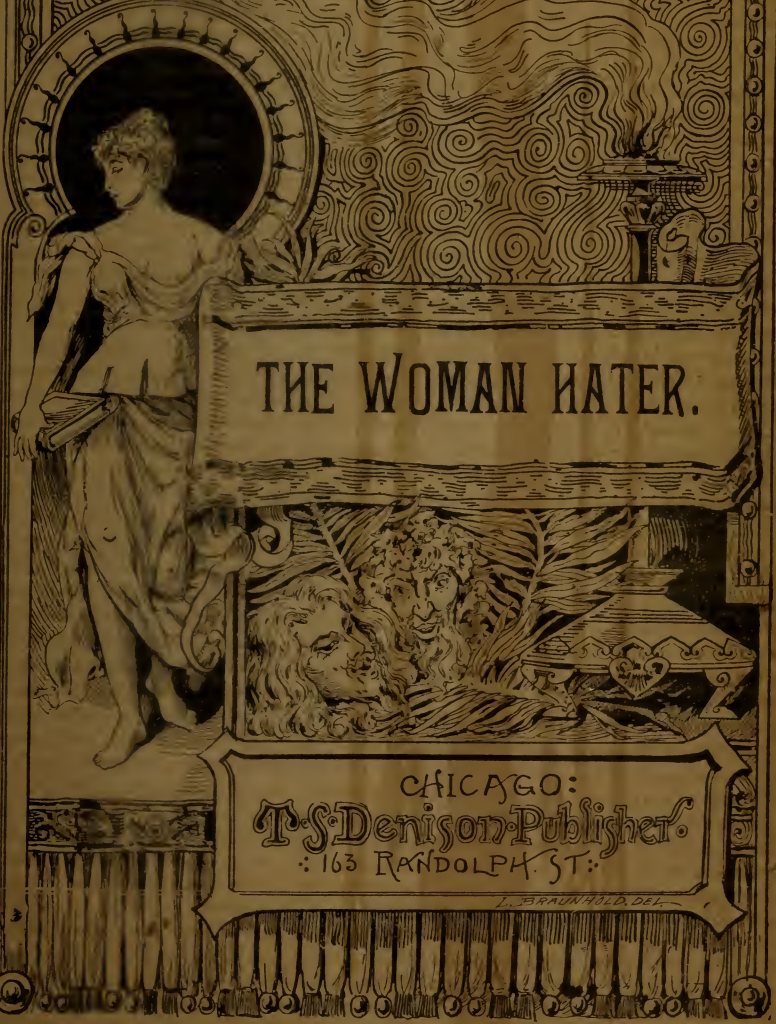
PT 1817
.B8 Z39
Copy 1

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

Amateur Series.

Price 15 ¢.



THE WOMAN HATER.

CHICAGO:
T. S. Denison, Publisher.
163 RANDOLPH ST.

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

ALTA SERIES, Price 25 Cents Each, Postpaid. All Others 15 Cents Each.

	M.	F.
All that Glitters is not Gold, comedy, 2 acts. 2 hrs.	6	3
A Very Pleasant Ev fance, 30 m...	3	0
Assessor, sketch, 10 min	3	2
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 m.	4	3
Borrowing Trouble, farce, 20 min.	3	5
Bad Job, farce, 30 min	3	2
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 m.	1	1
Bardell vs. Pickwick, farce, 25 m..	6	2
Christmas Ship, musical, 20 min...	4	3
Caste, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 m.	5	3
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m...	3	2
Country Justice, farce, 15 min....	8	0
Circumlocution Office, 20 min.....	6	0
Chimney Corner, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr., 30 min	5	2
Cut off with a Shilling, farce, 25 m	2	1
Danger Signal, drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	7	4
Desperate Situation, farce, 25 min.	2	3
East Lynne, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs..	8	7
Fair Encounter, 20 min	0	2
Family Strike, farce, 20 min.....	3	3
Fruits of Wine Cup, temperance drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 min. .	5	0
Home, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	4	3
Homœopathy, farce, 30 min.....	5	3
Hans Von Smash, farce 30 min...	4	3
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 min.	4	2
Initiating a Granger, farce, 25 min.	8	0
In the Dark, farce, 25 min.....	4	2
In the Wrong House, farce, 20 m.	4	2
Irish Linen Peddler, farce, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In, farce, 20 min....	4	2
I'll Stay Awhile, farce, 20 min....	4	0
Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 40 m..	4	3
I'm not Mesilf at All, farce, 25 m.	3	2
John Smith, farce, 30 min.....	5	3
Just my Luck, farce, 20 min.....	4	3
Kansas Immigrants, farce, 20 m...	5	1
Kiss in the Dark, farce, 30 m.....	2	3
Louva the Pauper, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	9	4
Love and Rain, 20 min	1	1
Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 50 m.	3	2
Lady of Lyons, 5 acts. 2 hrs. 30 m.	8	4
Limerick Boy, farce, 30 min.....	5	2
Lost in London, drama, 3 acts, 1 h. 45 min	6	3
London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min	9	3
Lucky Sixpence, farce, 30 min....	4	2
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 min..	2	3
Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	8	3
Mike Donovan, a farce, 15 min...	1	3
Mitsu-Yu Nissi, Japanese Wedding, 1 hr., 15 min	6	6
Model of a Wife, farce, 25 min....	3	2
Movement Cure, farce, 15 min. ...	5	0
Mrs Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 min.	0	2
Misses Beers, farce, 25 min.	3	3
My Wife's Relations, comedy, 1 hr	4	6
My Jeremiah, farce, 20 min.....	3	2
My Turn Next, farce, 50 min.... .	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 45 min	3	3
Not Such a Fool as He Looks, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs	5	3
On Guard, farce, 25 min	4	2
Only Daughter, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	5	2
Our Country, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr..	10	3
Odds with Enemy, 5 acts, 2 hrs....	7	4
On the Brink, temperance drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	12	3
Out in the Streets, 1 h. 15 min....	6	4
Pet of Parsons' Ranch, frontier drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	9	3
Pets of Society, farce, 30 min.....	0	7
Pull Back, farce, 20 min.....	0	6
Pocahontas, musical burlesque, 1 hr	10	2
Parlor Entertainment, 25 min.....	2	5
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 min...	3	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min....	6	3
Quiet Family, farce, 45 min.....	4	4
Regular Fix, farce, 50 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, farce, 40 min....	4	3
Silent Woman, farce, 25 min.....	2	1
Solon Shingle, comedy, 1 hr. 30 m..	7	2
Soldier of Fortune, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min	8	3
Seth Greenback, drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	7	3
Schoolma'am (The), drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	6	5
Slasher and Crasher, 1 hr. 15 min..	5	2
Squeers' School, sketch, 18 min...	4	2
Sparkling Cup, temperance drama 5 acts, 2 hrs	12	4
Taming a Tiger, farce, 20 min ...	3	0
That Rascal Pat, farce, 35 min ...	3	2
Too Much Good Thing, 50 min...	3	6
Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella, 20 min	1	1
Two Gents in a Fix, farce, 20 min.	2	0
Two Puddifoots, farce, 40 min	3	3
Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min	8	3
Turn Him Out, farce, 50 min.....	3	3
Toodles, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 15 m.	6	2
Ten Nights in a Barroom, temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs...	11	5
Two Ghosts in White, sketch 25 m	0	8
Uncle Dick's Mistake, farce, 20 m	3	2
Under the Laurels, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	5	4
Wanted a Correspondent, farce, 1 h	4	4
Wide Enough for Two, farce, 50 m	5	2
Which Will He Marry farce, 30 m	2	8
Won at Last, comedy, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 m	7	3
Wonderful Letter, farce, 25 min..	4	1
Women of Lowenburg, historical sketch, 5 scenes, 50 min.	10	10
Wooing Under Difficulties, 35 min.	4	3
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs ...	8	3

ALTA SERIES—25c. each.

Beggar Venus, play, 2 hrs. 30 min.	6	4
Early Vows, comedy, 1 hr	4	2
From Sumter to Appomattox, military play, 2 hrs. 30 min ...	6	2
Shadow Castle, play, 2 hrs 30 min.	5	4
Jedediah Judkins, J. P., comedy, 2 hrs. 30 m	7	5

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

THE WOMAN HATER

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

Adapted from the German of Benedix by

HILTON BURNSIDE SONNEBORN,

Author of "Who Told the Lie;" The Wedding Trip," etc.

37728 V1

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON, Publisher,
163 RANDOLPH STREET.

©1890

CHARACTERS.

GUS.....A Forester.
BETSY.....His Wife.
FRELIN.....A Chum of Gus's.

PT1817
B52.39

Time of playing, Thirty-five minutes.

May be played in any room.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R means right, as the actor faces the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center; *R C*, right center; *D F*, door in flat; *R U E*, right upper entrance, etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY T. S. DENISON.

The Woman Hater.

Scene I.—Betsy. *Setting table to the left for breakfast. She wears a plain morning wrapper and a lace cap covering her hair. While cutting the bread hums a jovial song.*

Gus *enters from the right, remains watching* Betsy *a moment, then creeps up behind her, and embraces and kisses her.*

Gus. Good-morning, Betsy!

Betsy (*slaps his mouth*). How naughty of you—to frighten me, Gus.

Gus (*tenderly*). Was that fright so unpleasant?

Betsy. I just had the cup in my hands; if it had fallen it would have been broken.

Gus (*releases her*). It would have been a pity, for this cup is the sweet keepsake of the young officer.

Betsy (*gravely*). Gus!

Gus (*in an injured tone*). A great pity! You value the cup so highly, that you drink out of it every morning. It would have been an unpardonable felony, if I had brought about its destruction.

Betsy. Gus!

Gus. The lieutenant is such a handsome fellow; he looks so courageous, so majestic.

Betsy (*looks at Gus*). Yes, the cup is dear to me and I will never forget the giver. When our house was on fire, as I was almost suffocated and despairingly cried for help, who came to my rescue? He sacrificed his own life to save me from that awful death. How he braved the danger and fought his way through the flames!

Gus (*pleading*). Betsy!

Betsy. Were it not for him, I would not be living; I would never have been your wife. Should I not preserve his token?

Gus. I was wrong.

Betsy. Should not a gift, which reminds me of a noble man, be dear to me?

Gus. Sweet little wife!

Betsy. You shall never have cause to feel displeased over this token again. (*walks to the rear and locks cup away in a closet*).

Gus (*runs after her*). Don't do that, Betsy! I confess I was wrong. Take the cup out.

Betsy. What have you promised me so often?

Gus. I will do better.

Betsy. You annoy me with your jealousy!

GUS. Yes, I confess that I was foolish.
BETSY. Only married a fortnight, and not a day passes that I'm not aggravated by your jealous fits.
GUS. Dear little wife, through jealousy I show my love for you!
BETSY. Well! don't I love you?
GUS (*embracing her*). Sweet angel.
BETSY. Am I jealous?
GUS. You?
BETSY. Yes, I!
GUS. You have no cause.
BETSY (*looking at him reproachfully*). And have you cause?
GUS. No. Oh, I know I'm silly—I'm ill. Be indulgent.
BETSY. Can't you trust me?
GUS. I do.
BETSY. Trust and love.
GUS. Yes, you are right; forgive me!

BETSY *stretches out her hand.*

GUS. And take the cup out of the closet again!
BETSY. No, no!
GUS. As a sign of reconciliation!
BETSY. No! (*thinking*). If you behave for a week—
GUS. But darling little wife—
BETSY. But darling husband, not before. I will have my way. Now come to breakfast.
GUS. Are you going to be pleasant?
BETSY. Certainly!
GUS. Real pleasant?
BETSY (*fondles him*). Oh, what indulgence one must have for you weak men!
GUS. You are an angel! (*draws her nearer; they sit down to table*).
BETSY (*pouring the coffee*). Why, you are all dressed up! Where are you going this morning?
GUS. To the woods; I'm having some work done.
BETSY (*hands him a cup*). Here.
GUS. No! thanks—Fillipeen.
BETSY (*slaps him on hand*). Oh, how mean.
GUS (*smiling*). Well child, I shan't lose it this time.
BETSY (*sulking*). How different! since we are married—
GUS (*laughing*). A fortnight already!
BETSY. Formerly, you would lose it out of gallantry!
GUS. Am I not still gallant?
BETSY. No, oh, no!
GUS. But you know—
BETSY. That you are a married man!
GUS (*laughing*). That I dare not lose this fillipeen?
BETSY. Pshaw! That's bosh!
GUS. This is an extra wager and I'll bet you'll lose it!

BETSY *hands him the cup.*

GUS. I don't want to buy the new wrap!
BETSY. I wont try any longer: I've tried for three days.

GUS. Let us call it off. You're just as careful as I.

BETSY (*hands him the cup*). Here.

GUS. (*laughing*). Oh, no! Fillipeen!

BETSY. Oh, do stop! I'm not trying to win it at all.

GUS. Betsy, don't get discouraged; you are generally so clever in catching me. Fillipeen!

BETSY. Oh, you mocker!

GUS. If it wasn't for that plush wrap—

BETSY. Dear Gus!

GUS. Well!

BETSY. Drop the subject; that fillipeen annoys me!

GUS. Oh, I'm willing! (*Pause*). My friend Frelin returned last night and will probably call this morning.

BETSY. The woman hater?

GUS. Yes, dear.

BETSY. I'm awfully glad to see him.

GUS (*sighing*). H'm!

BETSY. I'm so happy he is coming to visit us.

GUS (*touchy.*) A very interesting man.

BETSY. I hope so! what is the matter?

GUS. It is time for me to go; you can be alone with him.

BETSY. My promising husband! How well you keep your promise! Here's another proof!

GUS. But—

BETSY (*imitating him*). I was wrong.

GUS. Dear Betsy!

BETSY (*still mocking him*). I will do better?

GUS (*with sincerity*). And I will—don't you see it's all over?

BETSY (*mocking*). Really!

GUS. I suppressed my anger!

BETSY. How heroic!

GUS (*pleading*). Well, am I not?

BETSY. A wonder! You are not jealous of a man whom I have not even seen?

GUS (*excited*). But whom you are dying to see!

BETSY (*sarcastically*). How long is that cup going to remain in the cupboard?

GUS *hides his face ashamed.*

BETSY (*triumphant*). Adieu, beloved cup! we shall never meet again.

GUS (*quickly*). Nonsense; in a week!

BETSY. No, not in a century.

GUS. I am willing to lose the fillipeen if you can make me jealous any time this week.

BETSY (*haughtily*). How generous! Oh, I'll win the fillipeen anyhow.

GUS. You think so?

BETSY. I'm sure. But you have not yet told me why Mr. Frelin is a woman hater?

GUS. Because he is a fool!

BETSY. That's no reason; that's understood. I mean to what is this foolishness due?

GUS. His mother was English, and he himself spent a great many years in England and has always had an exaggerated love for everything that is English. Perhaps he has inherited these peculiarities from the English. He certainly adheres to his narrow-mindedness, which we Americans call a crazy notion.

BETSY (*listening attentively*). And—

GUS. Two years ago his fiancé jilted him. From that time dates this woman-hatred. Oh, these Anglo-maniacs, that devour trashy literature, always have some such eccentricity.

BETSY. Deceived by his beloved! Is that all?

GUS. Is *that* all? (*excited*). Is THAT all? That's enough to drive any man insane! Just suppose you were untrue to me.

BETSY. Then you would have some cause to be crazy, but that you show traces even before—

GUS. You women can't appreciate a man's love!

BETSY. No, we are not worthy of it! (*insulted*).

GUS. Most women are too selfish to—

BETSY. Say all!

GUS (*tenderly*). There are exceptions!

BETSY. No exceptions!

GUS. But dear, you are an exception!

BETSY. Thank you dear sir, I am no better than my sister!

GUS. Is that so?

BETSY. I am a *woman*—nothing more; we are all instinctively good and when we turn out bad, *you men* are to blame for it!

GUS. Perhaps you are right. (*looking through window*). Ah, here's Frelin!

BETSY. Then I must retire.

GUS. But do return soon!

BETSY. Certainly.

GUS. And try and talk with him.

BETSY. All right!

GUS. Be pleasant with him.

BETSY. I will, Gus.

GUS. Betsy, be real agreeable; he is disappointed.

BETSY. I shall; come home soon, husband, and good luck to you!

GUS. I shall hurry home; I'll canter the horse all the way.

BETSY. Now don't be reckless!

GUS. Don't worry—I'll be back in an hour. Good-bye.

BETSY (*kisses him*). Good-bye. (*Exit L.*)

SCENE II.

GUS (*looks after her*). She is such a darling—so good—so forgiving. My confounded jealousy! Well, I'm young yet; they say wisdom comes with age.

FRELIN *appears, R. His clothes are somewhat neglected, has a full beard, and book in hand.*

FRELIN. Good-morning!

GUS (*walking toward him*). Hello!

FRELIN. I'm back.

GUS. Hale and hearty ?

FRELIN. Yes.

GUS. And your business ?

FRELIN. Is attended to.

GUS. Happy ?

FRELIN (*sighs*). Yes, thank God that I am away from that noisy city—back in my peaceful home ! How are you feeling ?

GUS. Married since a fortnight, and you ask how I feel ! I am the happiest man on earth !

FRELIN (*shakes his head*). H'm, h'm !

GUS. Of course you can't understand that, you woman hater !

FRELIN (*looks sad, takes hold of his arm*). Oh, yes ! I felt the presentiment of this bliss once, but I was deceived.

GUS. By one !

FRELIN. Isn't that enough ?

GUS. You should have tried others.

FRELIN (*sadly*). Once, and never again—

GUS. You were probably to blame.

FRELIN. My fault was, that I loved her, the faithless, too dearly.

GUS And you annoyed her so long with your jealousy that she got sick of you.

FRELIN. No love without jealousy.

GUS. You should have trusted her—loved and trusted.

FRELIN. Aren't you jealous ?

GUS. I? no ! (*hesitates*). Y-e—y-e-s, a little, but not like you; you went to extremes—you wouldn't even allow her to dance !

FRELIN. She could dance with me.

GUS. Not to talk to anybody.

FRELIN. She could talk to me.

GUS. Not to look at any one.

FRELIN. She could look at me.

GUS. You are ridiculous; we can't agree ! But you're coming to see me every day as formerly ?

FRELIN. I will try it (*sighs long*). When the engagement was broken off, when I conceived the blackest hatred against the whole sex; when I sought an asylum here, buying myself the farm and did not care to see anything but the trees of the forest and the stars in the sky, I found you. You befriended me; I learned to love you; happy hours these were, when I could be with you. (*sighs*).

GUS *presses his hand.*

FRELIN. I will try to continue seeing you every day, if I can only get accustomed to your wife. (*shudders*). A woman !

GUS. Why, Betsy is splendid !

FRELIN. That is *your* opinion !

GUS. Certainly.

FRELIN. They are all worthless. *She* could deceive me, whom I loved so passionately—so sincerely !

GUS. Enough of that ! I must humor you, Frelin. I'm sorry, but I was to go away this morning. Betsy will entertain you in my absence.

FRELIN. Never mind; I've got my Byron with me.

GUS. Ah, twenty-six! No other companion but Byron! It must be awfully monotonous!

FRELIN. But haven't I you?

GUS. True. But life is barren without woman's love.

FRELIN. I should like to see the woman who could imbue me with a passionate feeling! Never!

GUS. You never see any but your old housekeeper and a few country girls, that are afraid to look at you!

FRELIN. They fear me like a wild animal; that's what I like! I hate them! Believe me Gus, I am making a great sacrifice to associate with your wife.

GUS. I appreciate it; I hope—

FRELIN. What?

GUS. You may become sensible!

FRELIN (*insulted*). Am I not sensible?

GUS. In all other matters you are a smart chap, but on this subject you are not—

FRELIN. Sensible!

GUS (*looks at watch*). But I must be off; my horse is waiting. Good-bye.

FRELIN. Good-bye!

GUS. *Au revoir!* (*Exit, C.*)

SCENE III.

FRELIN (*soliloquizing*). Poor friend! How soon you will get over your intoxication! Socrates thanked the gods that he had been created a man, not a woman. Oh, this philosopher of Greece! For the women are the weeds sown among the wheat, by the evil one. (*sits down to the R. and reads*).

BETSY (*dressed plainly, sleeves rolled up to shoulders, cap, remains at door and observes him*). And that is the fierce man, who has the audacity to detest us women! Perhaps he could be converted, though, and that would be a good lesson to cure my husband of jealousy, and perhaps him. I'll try. (*approaches him, loud*). Good-morning, Sir!

FRELIN (*gets up, bows without looking at her and, in chilly tone*), Good-morning.

BETSY (*walks toward him, lays her hand on his shoulder*). You are a woman hater?

FRELIN (*looks at her puzzled*). I—will have nothing to do with women!

BETSY. That suits me!

FRELIN. It does?

BETSY. My mother always warned me against the men who love our sex too much; as you hate us, you certainly are harmless.

FRELIN (*astonished*). Yes.

BETSY. And my husband will have no cause to be jealous!

FRELIN. Of me! Certainly not!

BETSY (*claps her hands together*). That's splendid!

FRELIN (*not looking at her*). Is Gus jealous?

BETSY. As jealous as the green-eyed monster himself! I'm therefore real glad you're so harmless; I needn't restrain myself; I can laugh and sing, and my husband will not mistrust me.

FRELIN. Suspicious of me ! Certainly not ! (*turns half round*).

BETSY (*walks to table at L., sits down and looks into hand mirror*) Are you afraid of my appearance ?

FRELIN. What do you mean ?

BETSY. Because you show me your back.

FRELIN (*growls*). Not at all ! (*turns round*).

BETSY. My husband says I should be pleasant with you, therefore you must be pleasant with me.

FRELIN. Oh, he did not mean anything by that.

BETSY. If I'm to entertain you, you must look at me.

FRELIN (*throws a glance at her aside*). Indeed !

BETSY. Excuse me for straightening my hair; I had not completed my toilet when you arrived and I would not keep you waiting, for fear my husband should scold.

FRELIN. Don't let my presence disturb you, do just as if I wasn't here.

BETSY. Thanks, thanks ! I think we two will agree nicely (*removes the cap, displaying the hair in curls, which she arranges before mirror*). Conversation cannot be carried on properly unless one looks at the other; the eyes play a great role.

FRELIN (*aside*). She's a coquette ! Ah, I suppose so ! (*Gazes at her some time; suddenly withdraws his eyes to avoid meeting hers.*)

BETSY. Have you never heard of a language of the eyes ? (*pause*). You are well aware that, in order to carry on a conversation. two persons are required, and if you will not answer me, I can't fulfill my husband's wish. (*pause*). Shall I sing a song?

FRELIN. If you wish.

BETSY *takes a guitar and tunes it.*

FRELIN *gets interested and watches her every movement.*

BETSY. Oh, oh ! (*shakes her hand as if hurt*).

FRELIN. Are you hurt ?

BETSY. I can't turn the keys; look at my finger, how red it is ! (*holds her hand up to his face and blows into it*).

FRELIN. I am real sorry !

BETSY (*sulking*). I don't believe it !

FRELIN. Why not ?

BETSY (*imitating him*). I'm real sorry— is that a tone of pity? Compassionate friend, I cannot turn these pegs; help me, please.

FRELIN *turns the pegs.*

BETSY (*kneels before him and strikes the chords while he is turning.*) Still a little—so ! Now that's A. Now for the second peg. A little—a little more—just a little too much. Now, you've got it; that'll do. (*gets up, takes guitar and strikes a chord*). Now you can take up your book again. (*hands him the book, sits down at his L. turns toward him, and sings a song.* FRELIN *listens attentively, the book drops from his knees—he frequently stares at her.* BETSY, *fearing to meet his eyes, slightly turns about after having finished*). How did you like the song ?

FRELIN (*warming up*). The song was exquisite ! (*picks up his book and resumes his position*).

BETSY (*takes guitar to the closet in rear and, while searching, hums half audibly, the closing lines of the song "Bring a skein of yarn and a reel"*). Oh, my!

FRELIN. What ails you?

BETSY. My reel is broken! I wanted to unwind some yarn; that is real unpleasant. But dearest Mr. Woman Hater, will you assist me?

FRELIN. I?

BETSY. All you have to do is to hold the skein. Please do!

FRELIN. But—

BETSY. No buts! Please do me this favor; I will return it some time. Even though you are a woman hater, you can make an exception, and be agreeable and obliging; I can't unwind alone.

FRELIN. But I do not understand how to do it. (*his speech is softer, his manner less harsh.*)

BETSY. There is nothing to understand. I'll teach you; will you learn?

FRELIN. I will.

BETSY. Please put your book away. That's it; now look straight at me—this way—hold your arms out. No, not this way! (*places his arms in the proper position into the skein and commences to reel off*). See how easy it is? (*pause*). How long have you been in town?

FRELIN. Almost two years.

BETSY. And always so—alone?

FRELIN. Solitude is man's best friend!

BETSY. Please pay attention; you should assist with your hands! That's better! Solitude! That would suit an old philosopher, but not you. How old are you?

FRELIN. Twenty-five.

BETSY (*looks at him wonderingly*). I took you to be thirty; that heavy beard makes you look old.

FRELIN. Do you dislike it?

BETSY. Not at all! On the contrary, I like heavy beards; I'm fond of beards. (*pause*). Mr. Woman Hater, pardon me, but I should like to know; have you ever been in love?

FRELIN. Please, Madame, do not broach a subject so hateful to me!

BETSY. I must request you not to call me Madame! a style so annoying to me.

FRELIN. But what should I call you?

BETSY (*laughs*). Call me Betsy; you are my husband's bosom friend; that is perfectly proper.

FRELIN. But Madame!

BETSY (*thinks.*). What?

FRELIN. But!—

BETSY. No buts! but Betsy. (*spells*) B-E-T bet—out with it! S-Y sy, Betsy!

FRELIN. As you wish,

BETSY. Try it. I should like to hear you say it. I never heard a woman hater call me Betsy.

FRELIN (*blushes*). Betsy!

BETSY. Pr-r-r-r!

FRELIN. Why! what's the matter?

BETSY. How harsh that sounds! My husband says dear Betsy—

so soft, so endearing, it sounds much sweeter (*pause*). I don't believe you could love.

FRELIN. Madam—please—

BETSY. Betsy.

FRELIN. Pardon me, Betsy!

BETSY. I am awfully inquisitive, tell me, have you ever loved?

FRELIN. Do not irritate old sores.

BETSY. Ah! Then you have been in love? Do tell me about it. I had an idea you were born with this idio—idio—what's that word?

FRELIN. Idiosyncrasy.

BETSY. Idiosyn—(*hesitates.*)

FRELIN. Idiosyncrasy.

BETSY. Idiosyncrasy (*slaps his hand.*) Pay better attention, you nearly dropped that yarn. Well?

FRELIN. What?

BETSY. You ought to tell me.

FRELIN. Don't let us talk about that.

BETSY. But dear Mr. Frelin, how can you be so cruel? You've made me so awfully inquisitive. Was your beloved handsome?

FRELIN (*closes his eyes*). Very handsome.

BETSY (*rapidly.*) Was she young?

FRELIN. Like you.

BETSY. What color were her eyes?

FRELIN (*rapidly looks downward*). Black eyes.

BETSY. What was her name?

FRELIN. Lucille.

BETSY. A beautiful name, how you must have loved her.

FRELIN. She was my idol.

BETSY (*sad*). And she is gone?

FRELIN. No.

BETSY (*lets the ball of yarn fall*). What?

FRELIN. No, she is alive, probably happy.

BETSY. Did you desert her?

FRELIN (*sad*). No, she was untrue to me.

BETSY. How cruel!

FRELIN. Yes!

BETSY. How can one be untrue? I can't understand it.

FRELIN. Nor I.

BETSY. You poor, poor man—and then—

FRELIN. Then what?

BETSY. Now I see why you don't love our sex.

FRELIN. Do you really?

BETSY. Infidelity to a lover, that's horrible. Poor friend, how you must have suffered.

FRELIN (*steps nearer*) Oh, Betsy, I was in a frenzy.

BETSY. I sympathize with you. Forget the deceiver, the traitress.

FRELIN. I never can (*his voice grows softer*).

BETSY. Believe me, she was not a woman, she was one of Nature's freaks! Deceit is not common to our sex.

FRELIN. Oh, if she had spoken like you—you are so kind, Betsy; your sympathy eases my pain.

BETSY. Really?

FRELIN. It heals those wounds

BETSY. I am so happy, I wish I could comfort you (*their eyes meet in confusion.* BETSY *casts hers down*). It is sad to see one unfortunate, and I always weep when I see others weep.

FRELIN. You are so noble, so affectionate, dear Betsy.

BETSY (*cheerful tone*). She was not worthy of you, forget the faithless deceiver.

FRELIN. Still she may have—may have—

BETSY. May have what?

FRELIN. Perhaps I was to blame.

BETSY. It is best to drop the subject now; confide in me when we have been longer acquainted.

FRELIN. Oh Betsy, I feel as if I could tell you all.

BETSY. Do you trust me?

FRELIN. Implicitly. (BETSY *casts her eyes down*).

FRELIN (*takes her hand*). Look at me.

BETSY. Take care, you will drop the yarn.

FRELIN. Oh, yes (*sits up straight*).

BETSY. You are very rich?

FRELIN. Quite rich.

BETSY. That is so nice, I wish I were rich.

FRELIN. Wealth does not insure happiness. You are richer than I.

BETSY (*laughs*). I?

FRELIN. Your cheerfulness, your happiness—

BETSY. That is true, but when one is wealthy, one can help others, make others happy. You are certainly charitable.

FRELIN. I—yes—no—that is?

BETSY. No? You have such a good-natured face. I hope your woman-hatred does not interfere with your duty toward the poor—

FRELIN. It may—h'm—

BETSY (*interrupts*). That is very wrong.

FRELIN. But, dear Betsy—

BETSY. You must learn to hear the truth from me. You should not be egotistical.

FRELIN. But, dear Betsy, I will do better; will you aid me?

BETSY. How can I?

FRELIN. Distribute my wealth among the poor, lead me to those who are in need of assistance.

BETSY. I will cheerfully comply with your request and your purse will soon feel that I am filling my position efficiently.

FRELIN. You can have as much as you desire.

BETSY. You are doing your work very poorly, are you getting tired?

FRELIN. No, not at all?

BETSY. If you are, I'll stop.

FRELIN. Oh, please don't, I like to help you.

BETSY. Oh!

FRELIN (*jumps up*). What has happened?

BETSY. A fly got into my eye; hoo! how that smarts!

FRELIN (*puts his yarn away and relieves her of the ball of yarn*). Don't rub it!

BETSY. Can you see anything?

FRELIN. Open the eye wider.
BETSY. I can't, where are you (*has both eyes closed, feels for him with her hand*).
FRELIN. Here.

FRELIN *stretches out his hand,* BETSY *leans up close to him.*

FRELIN (*supporting her tenderly*). Please Betsy, try and open that eye (BETSY *opens her eyes slowly*).
FRELIN (*leans over her*). In which eye?
BETSY. In the right (FRELIN *blows into the eye*).
BETSY (*impatient*). That has not helped any.
FRELIN (*repeats the blowing*). Betsy, be perfectly quiet.
BETSY. Now it is out (*tries to loosen herself from him*).
FRELIN (*holds her*). Betsy, flies are dangerous.
BETSY. I thank you for your kindness.
FRELIN (*passionately*). Sweet angel!
BETSY (*laughing*). My husband calls me that too but how long will it last?
FRELIN. For ever, you will never be different.
BETSY (*laughing*). In a few years the wrinkles will show.
FRELIN. They can be kissed away (*tries to kiss her*).
BETSY (*slips away*). What do you mean, Mr. Woman-hater?
FRELIN. Ah don't tease me, I was a fool, I'll swear off my woman hatred if you'll be my friend.
BETSY. I?
FRELIN. Yes you be my friend, advise me.
BETSY. Why certainly.
FRELIN. I'll obey your advice. I'll do what you tell me.
BETSY. And be merry?
FRELIN. Yes Betsy; cheerful and willing.
BETSY. And not hate the women?
FRELIN. No, no, never.
BETSY. Well then, I will try you—
FRELIN. Our contract is made, the agreement drawn up—
BETSY (*gives him her hand*). Agreed!
FRELIN. It must be verified.
BETSY. How?
FRELIN. By a kiss.
BETSY (*bashfully*). Don't talk that way.
FRELIN. A kiss, as a sign of friendship.
BETSY. It's improper.
FRELIN. A kiss of honor.
BETSY. If my husband—
FRELIN. He is my friend, his wife is my friend (*takes hold of her hand*).
BETSY. You know he is—
FRELIN (*more passionately*). Let me be the loved friend of both.
BETSY. But, Mr. Frelin—
FRELIN. Dearest Betsy, please, please (*draws her near to him and notwithstanding her struggles, kisses her.* BETSY *screams*).
FRELIN (*releases her*). What's the matter?
BETSY. My husband!

FRELIN. Where?
BETSY. He is already in the garden.
FRELIN *looks through the window*). He is walking fast.
BETSY (*imploringly*). He has seen all.
FRELIN. Impossible from such a distance.
BETSY. He has an eye like a lynx.
FRELIN. What of it?
BETSY. His jealousy—
FRELIN. Good God, what have I done?
BETSY. You kissed me.
FRELIN. And is that all?
BETSY. You don't know him, he gets raving mad.
FRELIN. But—(*frightened*).
BETSY. My fear, my embarrassment.
FRELIN. Be quiet
BETSY. He can read everything in my face.
FRELIN. Then I'll go.
BETSY. You'll just walk into his arms.
FRELIN. But why should I?
BETSY. Hide yourself.
FRELIN. How—where?
BETSY. Please do—please!
FRELIN. That will look—
BETSY. Till his temper is over, please hide.
FRELIN. Good-bye then—but where? (*wants to go to left*).
BETSY. Not that way, that is my bedroom.
FRELIN. Then here (*wants to go to the right*).
BETSY. No, that is his room.
FRELIN. Then where, f r mercy sake?
BETSY. Hide under the table.
FRELIN. Under the table, no, that is too—
BETSY (*implores*). Dearest, best friend, do!
FRELIN. You are doing just as you please with me (*hides under the table to the right*).
BETSY. Now be very quiet (*pulls tablecloth to one side so as to cover him completely; low*). Now Mr Woman-hater, a little humiliation (*triumphantly*) a little fear even, then your punishment is too mild (*hurries to the door at right, draws the key out, and sits down at table to the left and puts handkerchief to her eyes.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter GUS, *C.*

GUS. I am back again, wifey. Oh, you are alone? I thought Frelin would still be here. Has he gone? Did you speak to him nicely? What ails you dearest? Why don't you answer me? (BETSY *looks at him, shakes her head and covers her face again.*)
GUS. You frighten me, Betsy. You have cried, what ails you? Tell me all, dearest wife (BETSY *throws herself on his neck and buries her face in his breast*).
GUS. Sweet wife, what has happened? Speak!
BETSY (*sobbing*). I can't.

GUS. That must be awful! What terrible misfortune has happened?
BETSY. No—I can't—and still I cannot remain silent—my duty is to tell you all.
GUS. Betsy.
BETSY (*still sobbing*). Your friend (*sobs*) who (*sobs*) makes believe (*sobs*) he hates (*sobs long*) women—
GUS. Well.
BETSY. Is a betrayer!
FRELIN (*sticks his head out from table*). Oh, the snake!
GUS. I don't understand—
BETSY. I was nice to him as you requested me (*still hesitating*). At first he was harsh and short—
GUS (*urging*). And?
BETSY. Then he continually became more friendly.
GUS (*in rage*). Go on!
BETSY. At last he wanted to kiss me.
FRELIN. Oh, the hypocrite!
GUS. Kiss you!
BETSY. I refused.
GUS. And he—
BETSY. Kissed me by force.
GUS. The scoundrel!
BETSY. You were coming—
GUS. Where has he escaped to?
BETSY (*falls around his neck*). Do not kill him.
GUS. Then he is still here. Where, oh where?
BETSY. He told me not to tell you and ran into your room.
FRELIN (*groans*) Oh, Lord!
GUS (*quickly*). What was that?
BETSY. That? (*hesitates*). Oh, that was the wind.
GUS. Wind, there is not a breath of air stirring.
BETSY. Then it must have been the cat.
GUS. The cat! fiddlesticks! Madam, I would thank you for an explanation. (*Looks round room*).

Business of BETSY *keeping between him and table, and* FRELIN *dodging farther under.*

BETSY. Gus, do be reasonable. (*Tries to put arms round his neck*).
GUS (*pushing her off*). Where is he, madam, I say?
BETSY. Ain't I trying to tell you?
GUS. Then be quick. Oh! I'll kill him. (*groan under table,* GUS. *whirls round*).
BETSY. Oh, that cat.
GUS. Cat, madam, I've had enough of cats, speak!
BETSY. Oh, do be reasonable.
BETSY. I was exasperated and in my frenzy drew the key out of the lock.
GUS. I shall have satisfaction; (*violent*). Where is the scoundrel?
BETSY. Dearest Gus.
GUS (*almost crying*). To betray me, his friend.
BETSY. Calm yourself, hubby.
GUS. Give me the key.

BETSY. You are too enraged.
GUS. Oh, I am awfully cool and collected; look at me.
BETSY (*laughs at him*). Cool and collected?
GUS. The key!
BETSY. You'll do him harm.
GUS (*sternly*). The key. Do you laugh at your own disgrace, woman?
BETSY. Oh how ridiculous. (*hands him key*).
GUS Now for vengeance. (*hurries to the door, puts key into lock*).
BETSY (*loud, triumphant*). Fillipeen! (GUS *turns round quickly, and lets his arms hang loosely at his side.*)
BETSY (*rejoicingly*). Won, won—Fillipeen! (GUS *looks at her puzzled, opens the door quickly, looks into it and turns toward* BETSY; *she takes his arm*). Who was not going to be jealous?
GUS (*half angry, half puzzled*). Madam, this is a very poor joke.
BETSY. Who was not going to lose? Fillipeen.
GUS. Oh, you minx!
FRELIN (*emerging*). Oh, you false creature!
GUS. Ah, the cat! (*all laugh*).
BETSY. (*saucy*). You challenged me to it.
GUS. And Frelin?
BETSY. Is a fool with his woman hatred.
FRELIN. She is right.
GUS. And I a fool with my jealousy.
FRELIN. He is right.
GUS. And to lose the fillipeen! You killed two birds with one stone.
BETSY (*points*). Here is one; I hit him too.
GUS. I think it awfully mean of you to put me in such a temper.
BETSY. Dearest Gus, I had to have the wrap.
GUS. But it wasn't fair.
BETSY (*standing a few feet away from him*). Punish me!
GUS. I will—
BETSY. If you catch me.
GUS. You can't run as fast as I.
BETSY (*sings*). Quick feet, great courage. (*Runs half around stage and disappears through the center*).
FRELIN. Two fools!
GUS. Yes, two fools. Shake, old boy.

CURTAIN.

ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid.

These plays are all short, and very funny. Little or no stage apparatus is required. The number of darkies is given in those plays in which white characters occur.

STAGE STRUCK DARKEY.

A very funny burlesque on high acting; 2 m., 1 f. Time 10 m. Three negroes play Claude Melnotte, Lady Macbeth, Macduff, "Lucimicus," Damon and Pythias, etc.

STOCKS UP—STOCKS DOWN.

2 m. A played-out author and his sympathizing friend. Time, 8 m. Very funny and full of business. Ludicrous description of a fire.

DEAF—IN A HORN.

2 m. Negro musician and a deaf pupil. Time, 8 m. The "pupil" has a large horn which he uses for an ear trumpet, pretending to be very deaf. By stratagem the teacher causes him to hear suddenly.

HANDY ANDY.

2 m., master and servant. Time 12 m. Servant makes all sorts of ludicrous mistakes, and misunderstands every order.

THE MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

A very popular farce; 4 m., 2 f. Time, 20 m. (Only one darky, the mischievous nigger.) Scene: Chamber and bedroom off. Requires two sham babies. Characters: Antony Snow (the nigger), old man, French barber, Irishman, nurse, Mrs. Norton.

THE SHAM DOCTOR.

A negro farce; 4 m., 2 f. Time, 15 m. Liverheel turns doctor, and practices on "old Johnson." The sham doctor will bring down the house.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

3 m. (1 darky), 1 f. Time, 10 m. Will suit the most fastidious; a good piece for school or parlor.

HAUNTED HOUSE.

2 m, landlord and a whitewasher (also 2 or 3 ghosts.) Time, 8 m. The whitewasher discovers spirits in a house where he is at work, and is frightened badly in consequence.

AN UNHAPPY PAIR.

3 m. (and males for a band.) Time, 10 m. Two hungry "niggers" strike the musicians for a square meal. Good for school or parlor. Very funny; ends with a burlesque duet.

THE TWO POMPEYS.

4 m. Time. 8 m. A challenge to a duel is worked up in a very humorous manner until the courage oozes out of the duellists.

TRICKS.

A negro farce; 5 m., 2 f. Time, 10 m. (Only 2 darkies, 1 m., 1 f.)

THE JOKE ON SQUINIM.

A negro farce (Black Statue improved), by W. B Sheddaw; 4 m., 2 f. Time, 25 m. Scenes: A barn and a plain room.

QUARRELSOME SERVANTS.

3 m. Time, 8 m Mr. Jenkins is unable to procure servants who will not quarrel. He advertises for a male cook and an hostler. The interview with the candidates is uproariously comical.

SPORTS ON A LARK.

3 m. Time, 8 m. Two niggers who are dead broke meet and get acquainted. Business is very lively and taking.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

2 m. Time, 12 m. A side-splitting burlesque on the chamber scene in Othello. The strangling of "Desdemona" will bring down the house every time.

BACK FROM CALIFORNY; Or, Old Clothes.

3 m. Time, 12 m. Things get badly mixed and the clothes are locked in the wrong trunks.

UNCLE JEFF.

A farce. 5 m. (2 negroes,) 2 f. Time, 25 m. A very popular farce.

ALL EXPENSES; Or Nobody's Son.

2 m. Time, 10 m. Artemus Buz is a manager, and Jemius Fluticus applies for a situation in his company. Very funny.

PROF. BLACK'S FUNNYGRAPH.

A nigger burlesque on the phonograph; 6 m., and niggers for audience (on the stage). Time, 15 m.

JUMBO JUM.

A farce. 4 m. (1 negro), 3 f. Time, 30 m. A popular farce wherever negro humor of the stage type is appreciated.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph Street, CHICAGO.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 041 198 363 8

Any Play on this List 15 Cts. Postpaid. Catalogue Free.

Plays by T. S. DENISON.

That the plays written by T. S. Denison are all things considered, the best for amateurs, is attested by their very large and increasing sale.

ODDS WITH THE ENEMY.

A drama in five acts; 7 male and 4 female characters. Time, 2 hours.

SETH GREENBACK.

A drama in 4 acts; 7 male and 3 female Time, 1 h., 15 m.

INITIATING A GRANGER.

A ludicrous farce; 8 male. Time, 25 m.

WANTED, A CORRESPONDENT.

A farce in 2 acts; 4 male, 4 female. Time, 45 m.

A FAMILY STRIKE.

A farce, 3 male, 3 female. Time, 20 m.

TWO GHOSTS IN WHITE.

A humorous farce, boarding school life; 8 female characters. Time, 25 m.

THE ASSESSOR.

A humorous sketch; 3 male and 2 female. Time, 10 m.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A ludicrous farce; 3 male and 5 female. Time, 20 m.

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Amusing country lawsuit; 8 male characters. (May admit 11.) Time, 15 m.

THE PULL-BACK.

A laughable farce; 6 female. Time, 20 m.

HANS VON SMASH.

A roaring farce in a prologue and one act; 4 male and 3 female. Time, 30 m.

OUR COUNTRY.

A patriotic drama. Requires 10 male, 5 female. (Admits 11 m. 15 f.) Four fine tableaux. Time about 1 hour.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

A brilliant comedy in 4 acts; 6 male, 5 female. Time 1 hour, 45 m.

THE IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

A lively farce; 3 male, 3 female. Time 40 m.

THE KANSAS IMMIGRANTS.

A roaring farce; 5 male, 1 female. Time, 20 m.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A capital farce; 3 male, 6 female. Time, 45 m.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

A farce; 4 male and 2 female; 20 m.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

A drama in 3 acts; 5 male and 2 female. Time, 1 hour, 15 m.

PETS OF SOCIETY.

A farce; 7 female. Time, 25 m.

HARD CIDER.

A very amusing temperance sketch; 4 male, 2 female. Time, 10 m.

LOUVA, THE PAUPER.

A drama in 5 acts; 9 male and 4 female characters. Time, 1 hour, 45 m.

UNDER THE LAURELS.

A drama in five acts; a stirring play, fully equal to Louva the Pauper. Five male, 4 female. Time, 1 hour, 45 m.

THE SPARKLING CUP.

A temperance drama in five acts; 12 male and 4 female. Time 2 h.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

A drama; 7 male, 4 female. Time, 2 h.

WIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO.

A farce; 5 male, 2 female. Time, 45 m.

BOOKS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

WORK AND PLAY.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

A gem for the little folks. Exercises in letters, numbers, objects, geography, language, animated nature, motion-songs, dialogues, charades pantomimes, etc., ALL ORIGINAL. Price, manila sides, cloth back, postpaid, 50c.

PRANKS AND PASTIMES.

All sorts of good things for home, school or church. Nearly 100 different games, charades and scenes, etc. Price, cloth back, manila sides, 50c.

THE FRIDAY DIALOGUES.

Short, lively. Boys and girls. Price 25c.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON SPEAKER.

For little folks, for older boys and girls, short, pithy dialogues. Price 25c.

Dialogues from Dickens, 25c.

Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Tableaux, etc., etc., 25c.

Choice Pieces for Little People, 25c

School and Parlor Tableaux, 25c.

Debater's Handbook, cloth, 50c.

Everybody's Letter Writer, 30c.

Good Manners, paper cover, 30c.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph Street, CHICAGO.